

The History of

Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my speech: stand aside, Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, *yaith.*

Fal. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene;
For reares do stop the foud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as
euer I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint pot, peace good tickle-braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,
but also, how thou art accompaigned: For though the Cammo-
mille, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinon; but chiefly, a vil-
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth
the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? shall
the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of England proue
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-
ny in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-
ters doe report) doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest;
for *Harry,* now I doe not speak to thee in drinke, but in reares;
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes
also; and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man *yaith,* and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full looke, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,
his age some fifty, or *but* inclining to threescore, and now I
remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*; if that man should be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his lookes; if
then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*,
him keepe with, the rest banish; and tell me now, thou naughty
varler, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince.

Henry the Fourth.

Prince. Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for me,
and lie play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestically
both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rab-
bet-sucker, or a powlterers hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, iudge, my masters.

Prince. Now *Harry,* whence come you?

Fal. My Noble Lord, from *Eastcheape.*

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Fal. *Zbloud* my Lord, they are false: nay, lie tickle yee for a
young Prince *yaith.*

Prince. Swearst thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're look
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a Di-
uell haunts in the likeness of a fat old man, a tunne of wan is
thy companion; why dost thou conuerse with that trunk of
humors, that boulding hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell
of Dropies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stuff Cloake-bag
of guts, that rosted Manning-tree Oxe with the pudding in his
belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that rather Ruf-
sian, that vanity in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sack
and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon
and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein craftie, but
in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein wor-
thy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom
meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, *Fal-*
staffe, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou dost.
Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,
were to say more then I know: that he is old (the more the pit-
tie) his white haire do witness it: but that he is (sauing your
reuerence) a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if Sacke and
Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be old and merry be
a sinne, then many an old Oast that I know, is damnd; if to bee
fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane kine are to be loued.
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto,* banish *Bardol,* banish *Pomes,* but